

KAMOGI

DON'T REPLACE  
RESURFACE



# THE APPROPRIATED PRESS #4

Nov. 2016  
A.Da.100





## Agence

"conomy of the latri"

Raoul Hausmann, *Alitterel*.

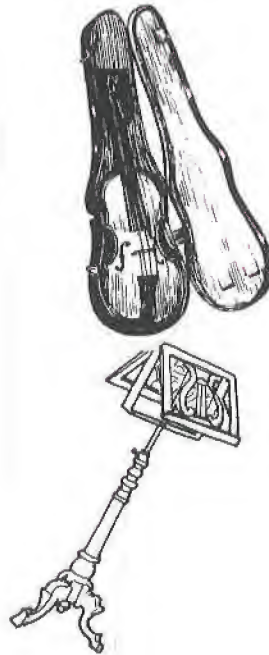
*bomb* the  
 shit new i phone *bomb* the  
 reap of dreams *bomb*  
 skidding audi field *bomb* the  
 bike-path khaki zipline *bomb*  
 new drone delivery peace *bomb*  
 -ful expedited gashburst *bomb* the  
 npr *bomb* fox *bomb* wall *bomb* -street *bomb*  
 sitcom lash free wifi downtown *bomb*  
 democracy is great *bomb* swim bomb dive *bomb*  
 in buy *bomb* shop *bomb* the  
 delivery from amazon their drone *bomb*  
 cooking-show *bomb* the  
 trickle-down *bomb*  
 hometown *bomb* the  
 philanthropy *bomb*  
 syria *bomb* the siri tell me *bomb* the  
 enlightened army with the *bomb*  
 gays bleeding equality with everyone else *bomb* the  
 touch-screen paradise *bomb* qatar *bomb*  
 life *bomb* liberty *bomb* happiness bomb  
 equality *bomb* fraternity *bomb* the  
 fuckin isis wherever they are *bomb*  
 palestine cartoon network home & garden *bomb* the  
 downtown development *bomb*  
 -profit *bomb* margins *bomb* the  
 syria enlightened cia *bomb*  
 vote the right way *bomb*  
 value chest-clenched *bomb* the  
 never fear the ballot- *bomb*  
 solve everything

like acid mana  
 skythrust  
 vote right  
 keep the *blood* over there *bomb*  
 keep the *blood* foreign, theirs  
 not, ours  
 vote for the *bomb*  
 of peace the *bomb*  
 specifics  
 sweet democracy  
 are up to you  
 entirely  
 apparently

*Oliver Lindsay*

bomb guzzler  
 flowers and bourgeois  
 metrics and lack  
 napalm or cum rocket  
 sixteen stair cases and an evaluation  
 1665 tons of pure fire dropped on p  
 ick your city  
 blow up your cheese plate for  
 some dollars  
 or fuck

-by Wilhelm Katastrof



-by Jim Leftwich

does sliced nozzle in  
 creased drivl  
 coin if dense  
 150% woman any  
 nice actually anyone  
 help make America  
 great again?  
 does break zit exit kit  
 buffer the calf-protection  
 from Christian Porridge  
 make America great again?  
 does flirting stop your wife  
 from making America  
 great again?  
 nice poems are special and nice.  
 Half-nice poems have been  
 seduced by pre-qualified  
 coalitions.  
 does creased coin 150% nice  
 help make America great  
 again? does buffer foaming  
 half-seduced help make  
 America great again?  
 debate shampoo! USA!  
 debate shampoo! USA!  
 debate shampoo! USA!  
 debate shampoo! USA!

## Noisic Elements

### *Micro-tours, The Stool Sample Ensemble, Speaking Zaum To Power*

' *Performances at Art Rat Studios, Roanoke, Sept. 19, 2016*

Last night I went to the Art Rat to hear Walter Wright and Al Margolis perform on their micro-tour as Elka Bong. I've seen Walter perform a couple of times (in March 2010 at The Water Heater (on the Loup Garou micro-tour: Setheyny Pen - toy piano, percussion; Walter Wright - electronics, video (Setheyny also had a skatchbox, which she didn't play, but she did answer my questions about it, and two years later Tomislav Butkovic and I built a few of them and used them in performances during the 2012 Decentralized Networkers Congress)) and at the Art Rat in March 2013 on the Lak-Wright micro-tour with Stephanie Lak).

Michael Peters and I "published" Al Margolis in a collaboration with Michael entitled Fluffen Jungle Port in the last issue of Xtant, which rather than being a print magazine like the previous 4 Xtants was a cd of sound poetry, but last night was the first time Al and I had met. Hanging out and talking before things got started was good, as always with these events. Unfortunately I had to leave before Elka Bong performed, but I got to hear Olchar Lindsann do a set of sound poems (including some of the "harsh noise poetry" he performed during the 2016 afterMAF -- with influences ranging from Francois Dufrene to the death metal band Cannibal Corpse), and I got to hear Jules Vasylenko play his variety of saxophones (Jules is from England and often reminds me of fellow English free improv saxophonist Evan Parker) accompanied by Walter Wright on percussion (playing a plastic 5 gallon bucket overturned and covered with a cloth).

Soon after I arrived Ralph Eaton, proprietor of the Art Rat venue, approached me and asked if I would be willing to replace Warren Fry, who was ill, in the Stool Sample ensemble. I'm not much of a performer of any kind, but in recent years I've been willing to join in and make a fool of myself in many different guises. I was in attendance when Ralph first unleashed his screeching, scraping noise instrument upon an unsuspecting audience at the 2015 afterMAF. Olchar, Warren and Tomislav were performing a long poem by David Beris Edwards entitled "Don't You Fucking Smile" for the third or fourth time since its debut at the 2010 Marginal Arts Festival. There is a section of indeterminate (seeming interminable in some performances I have witnessed) length during which the performers are silent or humming and either standing or pacing slowly in circles, while the audience members become increasingly uncomfortable. It's a powerful segment of the piece in context. The poem is about power relationships, specifically the power relations between performer and audience, and by extension between author and reader. Ralph's intensely abrasive intervention seemed absolutely perfect to me. Speaking noise to power (or in a sound poetry context: "speaking zaum to power").

I agreed to play. After maybe 15 minutes of Jules and Walter improvising, someone, Ralph I suppose, was given a cue (by Jules, I think) and the four of us who were playing stools (Ralph, Olchar, Tomislav, and myself) joined in. Four stools scraped across a concrete floor, with improvised





Those pizza balls are festering up some bubbles in my tum tum. I got gobbled down the goo cheesy pep and greasy. Forming a pit tastic split up knotted ball of hot fire and oil and slightly hot spaghetti sauce I'm tow tapping, finger tapping, key tapping. I want for he window lines to be the way they are. uneven Steven venetian blinds are what fills my mind box. My brain cage, my thinker case, my synapse trap, my grey matter soup platter, my cranial cavity cavity. I'm cascading with a cadent of redundant pungent frootloops. I swing hoop on my door trap I lick an icicle, and my tongue gets stuck. I forget a line of my next draft and, suddenly, my tongue gets stuck. I'm a bashed up pablano pepper that's been on the vine for too long. Ants nibble my various bits leaving white chomp marks all along my skin flesh seeds and pith. I am a door nob on a fire door.

When I got o the dog park I don't like to pick up my doggies droppings. I leave them there, lingering stinkers on the green face of the pumped up fuzzy scuzzly butt. People will step in my dogs shit and it will ruin their day. People will see it and think to themselves "oh how dare he, that man as a damn piece of shit. And I will be made from my dog, which I feed. Thus I make myself. I am an infinite loop and thus I cannot die. That is unless I turn white and begging to dry out and eventually crumble over the weight of a raindrop. Or the push of some other, not important, owner's dog's nose.

Why is it that whenever you see celebrities on the TV they always have eyes? Why is it that Whoever's eyes are really in their socket holes are transfixed in an information wave of delectable deserts. Like I'm a fucking blackberry what grew on the side of the road- the kind that your mom tells you not to eat because there's exhaust in it. And here I am put in front of a boob tube and told "you can achieve great things" by the fucking millionaire local, organic, non GMO FUCKIN' strawberries dipped in sustainable, fair trade chocolate bar meltings. Like what? Do you see me with a stream of seed? Do I have any fucking pompous ass TV strawberries on MY VINE? NO! all I got Is a fucking Derry queen wrapper what blew in the wind here two weeks ago during the storm! The same storm that broke me when I was a weak piece of shit.

-by Jonah Woodstock

by Reid Wood

## Frog Apoplexy in Zero Gravity

un coup d'etat in the zine house leaning  
-- Olchar E. Lindsann

 Do More  
 Do Less



When Simon burns down Los Angeles, you'll hear the walking tomtoms stepping "onto" space, an engineering feat, side by yardstick to a tonal graph, the cellphone synthesizer, the pocket protector that gets all the babes (tender gums) Poker table & chairs off Sandusky, phonebooths lost in a real rain localized near my old pharmacy, a bowling ball wired for surveillance and random explosions The traintracks are recovering after being hit by a teenage girl's car, may cause drowsiness, external use only, eat yer hat, my car the mother, it's about the void, it feels like heaven

It's such a problem

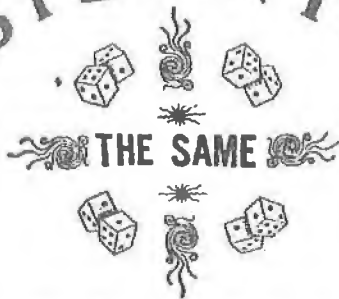
Michael Dec  
9.21.16

by John M. Bennett

the barn  
- For Wilhelm Katastrof  
the dream of being a clown attacked  
by a man with a crowbar is the  
dream of a fence of mirrors; the  
dream of a mirror fence is a  
dream of a train traveling upside  
down which is not the dream of a  
tunnel but a dream of the fridge  
you slept in as a child



# LUNA BISONTE



## PRODS

137 LELAND AVE.  
COLUMBUS OHIO  
43214 U.S.A.

Vintage 70's  
rubberstamp LBP  
design by  
John M. Bennett

LUNA BISONTE PRODS  
can be found online:

[www.lulu.com/lunabisonteprods](http://www.lulu.com/lunabisonteprods)  
&  
[www.johnmbennett.net](http://www.johnmbennett.net)

Since 1974, Luna Bisonte Prods has  
published a wide variety of experi-  
mental, avant-garde, audio, and  
visual literature in a wide  
variety of formats by artists  
from all over the world.

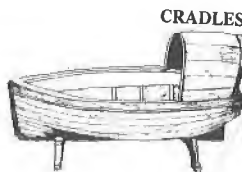
Diane Keys on  
October 19 at 3:39pm:

### spampo

Friendlyfeline,  
Increase your size,  
stamina and confidence

please any woman 150% drive!  
Pre-Qualified status now special  
BREXIT Warren Buffett  
protect yourself from  
Christian Marriage Coalition  
Wife Wont Stop Flirting  
Reduction  
Does anyone want to help make this into an actually nice poem?

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Jim Leftwich:

### spampo shampoo

Does anyone want to help make this into an actually nice Friendly feline?  
Does anyone want to increase your sizzle?  
Does anyone want to help make this into stamina and confidence?  
Does anyone want to please any woman with 150% drivelt?  
Does anyone want to be Pre-Qualified?  
Does anyone want to help make this into an actually nice status?  
Does anyone want to be here now?  
Does anyone want to help make this special?  
Does anyone want to help BREAKXIT Warren Buffett in half?  
Does anyone want to protect yourself from the Christian Marriage Coalition?  
Does anyone want to help make Wife Wont Stop Flirting Reduction?  
Does anyone want to help make this into an actually nice poem?  
Feline sizzle confidence?  
Drivel pre-qualified status?  
Now special half coalition?  
Reduction poem confidence status?

bill me  
built blit nor rat  
ate the phone  
was stubble trouble  
was you or feed stem  
maybe food stung m  
aybe stool mayb in  
haltemnt, langue ou  
gamete snore, tes jambes  
easy retch was won  
it came the flat  
flickerrame and  
sockdog: position  
nimble, mumble, drag  
fallward, pest, fume  
tamination, con, shed  
loot, formic, stuffer light

-Olehar E. Lindsaun

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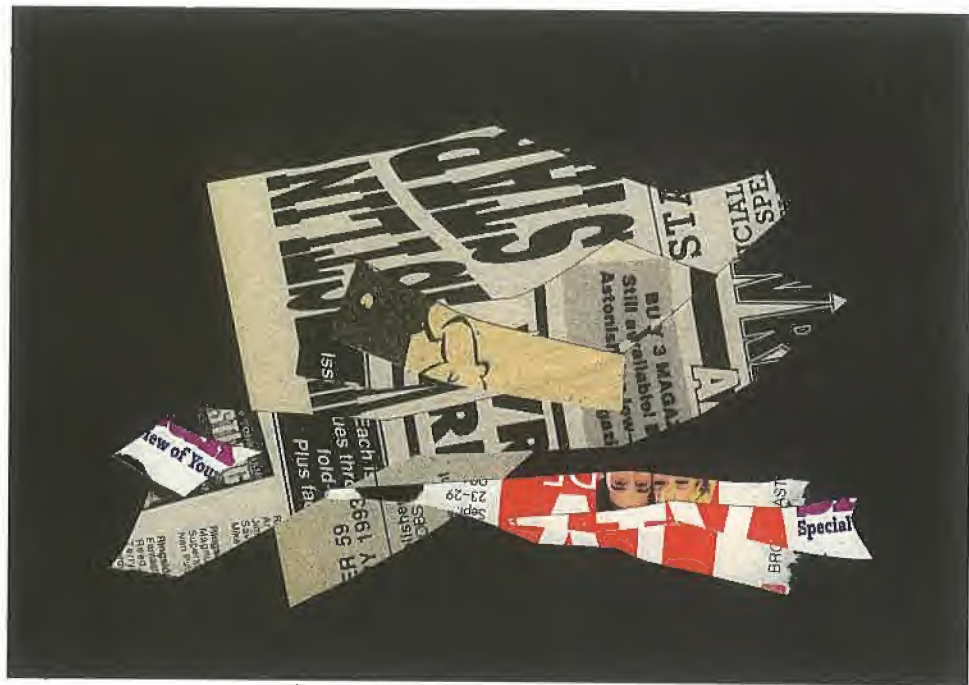
## ProeGress

"épris du grand public, des formes étranges et  
manières qui sont pas compris hors du cercle, et  
pour ainsi dire, une sorte d'argot maço"

Saint-Beuve, Letter to Gérard.

"he hernia of speech would go right to work on i"  
Blaster Ackerman, Letter to Johnne

that public great  
in hacked up colonies you see  
you speech you circle  
back to school you classical  
(and the commune drenched in  
SANG to the hilt up) TUNES  
back in line you see ol  
Marx ol Freud got nothin on  
ol oppenheimer haiti  
speaks french improper  
scientific public bene  
ficient as youtube  
s LAVE you drive to  
work or bus it needn't  
walk you see that's just  
how kindly all the science are  
like an ol umbrel LA  
VOITURE don't even  
know what the fuck you  
mean you scound  
rel reason FORT h th e  
macaroni bombs you  
meet the parents kill the  
proles you vulture VENT  
ure masque intent ignore  
THOSE SPLENDID GENTS  
WHO FORGED THE CHAINS  
JUST FOR YOU talk decent won't you  
vote you work you write like  
rea SON able crawlers caught  
a-shirking in the shadows you  
ignore us like we ain't no public  
making our reasoned HEADS  
ACHE like we weren't even  
the new GOD you need to shut  
up and get the fuck to  
work



## Musicmaster



—Edwin Birch

happy as a borked lamb  
querying & digested  
w/ plum adjacent to the baker's truss  
there he goes  
neck out like it were sodden halberds  
erotically naïve now  
& smiling outrageously as he  
escorts the young Obama to his  
fifteen candied crenelations  
goodbye!

## Mist Splint





**Billy Bob Beamer "Word Dust, Untitled" Reception**

*Thursday, October 13 at 5:30 PM - 8 PM*

*Humanities Gallery, Virginia Western Community College, 3082 Colonial Ave. Roanoke, VA.*

It's good to see the traditions of visual poetry (represented in textimagepoems as a centerpoint for the meeting of text and image, arriving from many directions, eg., from text/literature/poetry towards image as well as from image/collage/drawing towards text) and asemic writing (as a writing-against-itself towards subletteral shapes and quasi-alphabetical marks, and as drawing moving towards a mimicry of writing, a gestural and letteral improvisational calligraphy) in the context of an art gallery -- better than that, an art gallery in a community college (with students from a class next door wandering into the opening).

The presence of several one-of-a-kind artists' books suggests that this exhibit is as much about reading as it is about looking (the choice to display work in books rather than on walls reminds me of something I've heard Bill say on several occasions, that he thinks much of his work belongs in libraries rather than in museums).

Also on display were a couple of collaborative TLPs (tacky little pamphlets, one sheet of paper, folded twice, stapled at the side, and cut along the upper crease) from Luna Bisonte Prods. TLPs still have an air of the underground about them. They remind us of traditions like samizdat, the eternal network, bootlegs, maybe even 19th century Belgian pirate editions of the early French avant-garde. As a poet and a publisher of print magazines, and as one who has spent a bit of time and effort compiling and disseminating online books, zines, and collections, I think a lot about getting work into circulation, getting it to people who function as nodes in networks, getting it into the hands of as many of those who might care about it as possible. How will a work be distributed, and how will it be preserved? The people who function as nodes in networks also function as distributors of works that circulate in those networks. Many of the people who function as nodes in the networks also function as archivists of works that circulate in the networks. And many of us also function as historiographers, critics and theorists of the work. Not to mention the fact that almost everyone who participates in the networks at all makes work that circulates in those networks. That's how almost everyone gets involved, by making work and sending it out. This is not limited to the mail art network. It is true of the network of networks, which has included the small press poetry network, the cassette culture network, numerous zine networks, and others I am forgetting or neglecting at the moment. The books and TLPs on display here seem to encourage and at least potentially reward the thinking and the activities I am describing here.

Work worth attending to at all deserves and requires study. We should all have been taking notes, at least mental notes in and of the territory, as maps for our later selves, to guide us as we attempt to follow all of the routes leading out from this exhibit space.

*Jim Leftwich*

## Chapter XVII

dac linnet,  
Or George Swallowed the Plunger  
Wall the cat pumpkin in something  
Resembling Pseudo-Noble Causes

"Flexible cast iron is the future, son."

contortion vortex generator monitor ON  
in sixteen variant frames of earthly menace  
i didn't, it was a ham ball, oh the degeneration  
(hambone for hamhock's saké)  
translation of pudding agendas  
vacuum of rages treated with oily rags by the furnace  
(canker sore for sore's sake)  
on haiti cuba Martinique magnetic North Pole  
Elves wearing silly bow-ties  
(manhole-cover for elves' sake)  
fracking in the basement's craw fer chrissake  
i caressed the scaly stove  
(christ for christ's sake)  
Shaved, beef hat tilted & tipped to a goodbye Pork Pie Hat  
at the hub of all salvia divinorum  
(French--splashing for trench coat's sake)  
chilling in the burger burglar bunker  
is a vote for rutabaga blimps  
(fatuous sunbeams for snokones the drive-in state)  
normal as antelopes  
they waffle on the wharves where eggs fry & eat themselves  
(art for anti-'s sake)  
didn't you take  
the chicken theology thermometer down last  
night, out?

(  
petty thief  
) a pony in warping skies

Olchar E. Lindsann  
Michael Dec  
8.25.16

mixedited by MD

Mouth of your poornama  
Eye of your fermentedmilkymama  
Put your pandora-boxmama  
The wind of your feathermama  
Year of your thoughtmama  
Shell of your bicyclemama  
Gleam of your watermama  
Gate of your firemama  
Hand of your mamamama  
Fire your dreammama  
Footwear for your nightmama  
Branch of your frogmama  
Nap of your penismama  
Elbow of your palmama  
Of course your fallmama  
Written from your petromama  
The blood of your bornagaimama  
Face of your nothingmama  
Poo of your bottlemama

Jim Lewitch on  
October 21 @3:35 pm  
with more than a little h  
elp from google translate...



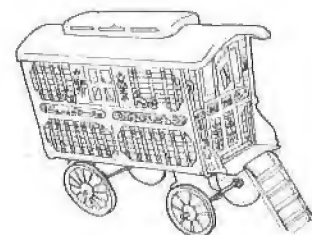
-Jonah Woodstock

I want to be a Nothingmancer- to wave my digits and be one with the not. with the un. with the without.  
My Robe would be as beautiful as a night sky without stars. I'd wear a pointy hat, and have scrolls with  
nothing on them. I want to close my eyes, and not be blinded by copious electrified colors. I would live  
forever, because- what is time to a Nothingmancer? it's the same as everything else, which is to say,  
nothing. Of course, what is the life of a Nothingmancer's life if not treacherous? there are VoidGobblers,  
Space Pincers, and Vas Deferens. You know... the more i think about it, I guess my normal filled life is  
pretty ok...

boca de tu cacamama  
dedo de tu pinchemama  
ojo de tu pulquemama  
dicho de tu pandormama  
viento de tu plumamama  
ano de tu pensemama  
cáscara de tu andamama  
fulgor de tu aguamama  
puerta de tu fuegomama  
mano de tu mamamama  
lumbre de tu soñamama  
calzado de tu nochemama  
rama de tu ranamama  
siesta de tu penemama  
codo de tu dolormama  
rumbo de tu caemama  
escrito de tu petromama  
sangre de tu nacimama  
cara de tu nadamama  
caca de tu pachamama

omamamapa

John M. Bennett on  
October 21 at 2:42pm:



let's  
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pretty ok...

# BUSINESS CARDS FROM RIYADH

business cards are very very very very popular in this country here

Huge Koran section and a bunch of stuff to dig thru

Card for a used book store I like visiting.

Bought a cool hand painted metal trunk here. Dude was friendly.

Email: masghar23@yahoo.com

المملكة العربية السعودية - شارع الشيري - الديرة بين سوق الذهب

Antique shop down near clock Tower. Probably got ripped off

Used to go here a lot when I arrived. A far drive for coffee.

I have no idea where this came from.

Hung out at this place in AL Batha for a bit w/ some guys from Bangladesh.

My "Go To" photo place in AL Batha.

Was soon set a philosophy INC sign made here.

Had awkward conversations here

Spelled 'burka' 'borka' why?



## Anti-Toast to AfterMAF 2016 (A.Da. 100)

To everyone who participated, performed, organized and collaborated to make AfterMAF 2016 such a fucking blast! Here's to Michael Peters and Evan Damerow, festival roommates extraordinare, trash worshipping, zoic circumnavigating comrades in barms! Here's to show stopping Bela Grimm; bringer of candied skulls, Shrubs and Meads, nectars of the goddess, Catherine Mehrl Bennett and Jim Leftwich anti-installation dynamos, Matt Ames foreign correspondent of the anti-abroad - in the cradle of ILLivization, Scott MacLeod and his screened extremes n' anti-histories, Mr. Thursday & Warren Fry—acephallic master smokers, Tom Cassidy for his bounty of musical mastery and kitchen bolstering donations, Shelly Smith's fluid investigation crafts and Megan Blafas-Chriss's foot-caged wonder and wunder-kind Juanita - the visuo-mancers of Wilhelm Katastrof's curatorial laurel, brandished ala liminal; the man's an anti-saint of exhibition! Here's to the Art Rat performers, the deliberate dabbling of Seabird's Ojos Locos and Alex Letizia, Jules Vasylenko's sax-ama-fun, stool sampling madness, Tatsuya Nakatani in the percussion-sweet pocket, Jim Es and Flandrew Fleisenberg's sense-irrational noise libations and open improve love-shaking, the Dad's Milk and solo ministrations of cosmic-absurdites Jonah Woodstock and Swade Best, Cambria McMillan-Zapf and Eric Wollersberger's epic muse-movement mastery, John M. Bennett's dream caught meditations and Be Blank maestro-ings, Reid Wood's flux-it inspired antics and doughnut-negotiations, Bill Beamer, Wilhelm, John M and Heath Nevergold IN the At The Moment No Idea - flirting the ends of the undoings of sound, Second Order Logicians Heath and Bob Bailey and, Olchar E. Lindsann, every-when at once in lectures, archives, throats, clown shoes (berserker of the anti!) and the organizing orgy of it all, boundless in generosity and inspiration! And here's to Bradley Chriss's indefatigable nurture-mancy; I'm still digesting the edible performances of his life-giving delectables, and Tim Yaddow's bacchanalian spirit barrages, Stephanie Martin's victual aids and born-day funmakers, John William McBroom's lent, tonal tomes and Simon Nolen's on the spot technical advice! And finally, where would all of this be without the Art Rat Studio itself, Brian Counihan's space-stewarding gifts and Ralph Eaton's ratmospheric, rat-historical, stool symphonic, shoe stampeding husbandry of the absurd? Dare I say, somewhere a lot less awesome. A billion thanks to you ALL!

## Here's to AfterMAF 2017!

nice sizzle?  
increase drivell  
confidence?  
any woman 150%  
anyone actually nice?  
here now?  
help make this  
BREAKXIT, BUFFET , and HALF  
Protection from Christian Marriage--  
Make my Wife Stop Flirting  
Nice poems on special  
Half reduced by pre-qualified  
coalitions

*by Diane Keys*

*by Warren Fry, on behalf of the entire Roanoke avant-garde!*

*-Evan Damerow*

She of tumbling brook  
pale faced and forced to make  
merry upon the shelves of rock that lie above the  
sea below her kinky hair all black and done in plaits  
done up to show pale nape of neck exposed